

## ALAMOGORDO NEWS-ADVERTISER

An Independent Weekly Newspaper Published Every Friday by  
CHAS. P. DOWNS

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The News-Advertiser is the Official Organ of the County of Otero and the Town of Alamogordo, N. M.

The Song of Dirt.  
With shovel handy and strong,  
With dust and sprinkler and broom,  
We are clearing the dirt away  
And pushing the microbes' doom.  
Whack, whack, whack!  
Eager, intense, alert,  
We poke into cranny and crack  
In the glorious war on dirt.  
Dirt, dirt, dirt!  
Morning and noon and night,  
And dirt, dirt, dirt.  
Let us not let the back yards right!  
Let there be no bedraggled skirt;  
We must brighten up the scene  
By making war on dirt.

Dirt, dirt, dirt!  
Let never a germ remain.  
Dirt, dirt, dirt!  
Daily some further gain!  
Sprinkler, shovel and broom,  
Shovel and sweep and squirt.  
Till never a bit of room  
Shall remain for a speck of dirt.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Statements.

Last week we mailed statements to many to whom The News-Advertiser is being mailed, showing them the date to which each was paid. Those in arrears were asked to mail us the amount due, and for which we give them the Alamogordo Weekly Star, free. It is indeed gratifying to us to be able to say that the returns have been decidedly interesting to us. Not all have yet responded, but a large number have, and their assistance is certainly appreciated.

During the next few days we will mail a statement to the balance of those whose names are on our list. We will appreciate an early reply.

It is certainly true that one little weekly newspaper, like we are publishing, is not of much intrinsic value; but in our case it cost right at \$2000 to get ready to print one of these papers. We are willing to go as far as possible, but there is a deadline at which we must ask for money in order to keep our business alive. (Overhead expenses must be promptly met; machinery wears out and must be replaced as it is the case with type and materials.) We are very grateful to those who continue sending The News-Advertiser to every one now receiving it, and we sincerely trust those receiving statements, showing them to be in arrears, will promptly send in their dollar and keep the paper coming to them, together with the Weekly Star.

We can't tell whether you care for The News-Advertiser or not. But we are adopting this plan to find out. Is the paper of sufficient value to take, it might be worth a dollar a year.

## Clean-Up Day June 10

(Continued from Page 1)

started to make St. Paul, the one "Shoofly Town" of the great north-west. Since then the city, officials and the publicity department of the association of commerce have been engaged with inquiries from other cities as to how it was accomplished.

Three in charge of the organization believe that, while it is impossible to overestimate the value of the personal service rendered by the association members from the various associations, the most striking feature was the existence of the services of the school children. The publicity committee of the association of commerce obtained permission of the public and prudential school authorities to supply cards to all pupils and posters for all classrooms.

The cards bore a brief cleanup statement and the following items for use by children to check off as they did the work around their homes:

First—Picked up sticks and bones in front and back yards.  
Second—Picked up all cans in front and back yards.  
Third—Picked up all papers in front and back yards.  
Fourth—Raked the front yard and sidewalk strips.

Fifth—Raked the back yard.  
Sixth—Slept on neat pile in the alley of all the rubbish.  
Seventh—Repaired the fence.

These cards were returned to the teachers, who say they got virtually all of them back properly checked and signed by the pupils and their parents. The teachers referred to the virtue and value of cleanliness as the opening exercises each day, and all the time the children had been before them the cleanup poster in color, showing the contrast between an ill kept, dirty, disease breeding yard and a profitable back yard garden.

The children's example caused their parents to become interested, and the movement from the schools attained wonderful proportions.

## Advertised Letters.

For week ending May 21, 1913.  
Benader, Senora Feofilia; Cordero, Senora Bernadina G.; Dussett, Dr. Ray; Griffin, Mrs. Gerlie; Mitchell, Mrs. Limmie; Riallos, Senora Eleazar; Sedillo, Estelita; Trimble, Mr. Kelly Walker. When calling say advertised and pay one cent.

J. M. Hawkins, P. M.

The News-Advertiser and Kansas City Star for a dollar a year—new or renewal—cash with order.

## The Eagle's Call

He Answered It and the Call of Honor

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It promised to be another blistering day, and so John Forrest arose in the early dawn and enjoyed his cold tub in the blighting presence of the disappearing bath boy. Later, clad in spotless white, he ate his breakfast in the cool shade of the north veranda.

The first rays of the rising sun were gliding the top of the compound wall when the gate opened noisily and admitted a Chinese in the livery of the consulate servants. He approached and delivered a parcel into Forrest's outstretched hand.

Forrest weighed the long, flat package in his palm for a thoughtful moment. Every time he received an expected letter or parcel he was conscious of a thrill of expectation that he was to be called back to prove his mettle. Something had happened several years ago, when he had been in the war department, that resulted in his resignation and immediate departure for a foreign country. It was the matter of a neglected duty which terminated in the loss to the department of \$50,000. Forrest was young in those days, and his Virginian hot blood was more engrossed in the scattering of wild oats than in the careful execution of his duties.

The chief of the department had been a friend of his dead father's and he had talked to John Forrest as a parent might have done. "I can't save you from the consequences of your carelessness, my boy," he had said sadly. "No one but yourself can do that and it is up to you to re-establish confidence in your ability. You better accept that clerkship with my brother's banking house in Shanghai and some day when you can make good come home again."

"I don't like the idea of being banished," muttered John sullenly. "Or if I work and pay back the money? Or if the government lost that sum through my carelessness perhaps I might be able to save a loss some time."

The older man brought the palm of his hand to the table with a sharp smack. "Some day, not now, John! Go ahead and take this berth in Shanghai, and I give you my word of honor that if ever I see the opportunity whereby you can step in and make good on that mistake of yours I'll send you a message. Because of my position I cannot write you or commit myself in any way, but you will understand when the message comes that your country needs your services and that your opportunity to make good has come at last. Have patience and wait."

"Very good, sir," John Forrest leaped to his feet with a new light in his young eyes. "I'll sail next week on the Cathay from San Francisco. You won't forget to send for me, sir?"

"On my honor, John, and you will leave everything and come, my boy?"

Involuntarily John raised his right hand as he spoke gravely. "I will come whenever you call, sir." And so it was settled.

That had all happened years before, and still John Forrest was waiting for the call of his country to make restitution to her for the amount which had been lost. In the meantime, sobered by his bitter experience in the capital of his country, he had worked night and day at his new situation in Shanghai. In that gay city on the Hwangpo river there were many opportunities for money making, and John Forrest was beginning to see where he might someday be a financial power in the great treaty port of the east when the great summer morning the message came.

He knew as soon as he had opened the package. All the box contained was a long bronze feather from the plume of an eagle and a brief scrawl on a slip of paper. "The eagle calls."

Then came a moment of temptation to the man. He knew that very day a steamer sailed for San Francisco. If he missed sailing today it meant that his journey would be delayed for three days. If he did sail today large interests which had occupied his mind lately and which would come to a climax today would go to the wall for lack of his manipulation. If he could have only one more day here his future affluence would be assured. His going today meant financial ruin.

All at once he seemed to see the luxurious equipment of the chief's private office and heard his own voice saying earnestly, "I will come whenever you call, sir." The tilted chair crashed to the floor, and he sat servantly flying in a dozen different directions.

A brief note to one of his partners conveyed the information that he was summoned home at once and that the steamer must be put through without him if possible. He inclosed a power of attorney and thus washed his hands of the matter. An hour later found him swaying recklessly along the Bubbling Well road in a ricksha, and he gained the long wharf just in time to catch the tug that was conveying its last load of passengers to the steamer lying out in the mouth of the river several miles below the city.

The morning he arrived in Washing-

ton he telephoned to his old chief from the hotel where he was stopping.

"I am here," was his brief report.

"Good boy, John! I will call on you this evening at 9 o'clock."

It was a short story and soon told. Somebody had stolen plans and important documents from the war office, and the secret service men were combing the country for the thief. While it was out of order for this commission to be placed in the hands of an outsider, the chief had wanted to give Forrest the chance to redeem himself, and at the same time he knew if the young man was successful that breach of red tapeism would be forgiven because of Forrest's former connection with the office and the unhappy circumstances of his dismissal.

"I'll give you the same clue that the others have. The papers are supposed to have been taken by a small, dark man who had been hanging around the building for several weeks. He was traced, the morning following the theft, to the railroad station, where he bought a ticket for New Orleans. At that city it was learned that he had bought a ticket for some station further along the line, but under what name it is not known. The man is supposed to have been employed by somebody—it's for you to discover, John—and even if you find him you may not be able to get track of the instigators of the theft. The other fellows have eight weeks the start of you. I couldn't cable, or I would have done so. Now, go it!"

So John Forrest started on his quest to redeem his reputation. His search was as thorough as it could be made, and he found genuine satisfaction in the knowledge that he had learned more about his suspected man than had his brother sleuths.

First he learned that the small, dark suspect had been seen with a companion of the same complexion, but of stouter build. This man had not accompanied the first man on his flight through the south, but Forrest learned that the stout man had taken passage on a steamer sailing from New York to a Mexican port. All this investigation took weeks of valuable time, but once settled on the trail of Manuel Corta, the stout man, for Forrest had even learned the man's name, the American's pursuit was unflagging on it at last it terminated in a small village in the heart of the Sierra de las Montañas.

There was none, and because he wore American clothing dark eyes peered insolently at Forrest from around adobe huts or from lazily swinging hammocks under the peach trees. If Corta had not moved on the man would soon be apprised of the American's presence there and, taking alarm, would be away. Forrest finally found quarters in the home of the village water carrier, and because the vendor of the precious fluid is always a notorious gossip he soon learned where Corta might be found. In a broken mixture of Spanish, Indian and here and there an English word or a graphic gesture Forrest communicated with the water carrier. The generous sum of money he thrust into the brown hand made the man his slave.

The moon was setting over the shoulder of the highest mountain when the water carrier slipped back through the thorny undergrowth and motioned the American to pass through. Forrest pressed forward and saw in the light of a lantern three men. The first answered the description of the small dark man who had been traced to New Orleans; the second could be no other than Manuel Corta, who held a package wrapped in oilskin covering. The identity of the third man caused him to gasp for breath.

Tall and thin, his white face showing strained and haggard in the light, was the nephew of his old chief in the department. Blake Finlay and he had been chums in the old days before Forrest had made his mistake. What was Finlay doing here? Was he not confidential secretary to his uncle? Forrest's heart sank. If Finlay's quest was the same as his own he had failed in his quest, the eagle's call had been in vain, and Forrest might never have another opportunity to redeem himself.

But now the loud and angry words of the men fell on his ears, and he was conscious that the American had grasped the package and hidden it in his coat while the dark men were extorting.

"You have tricked us!" spluttered the man Corta. "You accepted our bribe and secured the documents for us, and now that we have made rendezvous and are only waiting to deliver them to the general and receive the reward you have tracked us down and want your papers back! Coward!" He drew a knife and leaped at Finlay, and his companion sprang to his aid.

It was Forrest's quick shot that sent the knife spinning out of one murderer's hand, while the second report was followed by a yell of rage from the small man and instant retreat. Blake Finlay leaped against a tree and stared at his rescuer.

"You ought to be John Forrest," he said thickly. "If you have heard what this man says you understand the situation. I've got the papers back again, and I hope that will wipe out the offense. I can fix it so they will appear to have been misled; but, by heaven, Forrest, it was a narrow shave for me! I must have been crazy! I have yielded to their suggestions."

Forrest's hopes sank. The papers would go back to Washington and the bottom would drop out of the mystery. The detectives would be recalled, and there would be no opportunity for Forrest to redeem his reputation.

There was only one thing to do—to write to the chief that he had failed in his quest and to return to China and once more await the eagle's call. And he went.

**Dr. PRICE'S**  
CREAM  
BAKING POWDER

Makes Home Baking Easy.  
Gives nicer, better food than baker's.  
There is no baking powder like it for hot biscuit, hot breads and cake.  
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

## LOCAL ITEMS

**LOCAL TIME CARD.**  
Eastbound: Arrive Depart  
No. 34 10:10 am 10:15 pm  
No. 4 3:05 pm 3:10 pm  
No. 2 7:50 pm 7:55 pm

Westbound:  
No. 1 4:10 am 4:15 am  
No. 3 1:10 pm 1:15 pm  
No. 33 4:51 pm 4:56 pm  
Clouderott train leaves every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:20 am.

The News-Advertiser and Kansas City Star for a dollar a year—new or renewal—cash with order.

Wash ties, silk ties, shirts, belts, etc. at G. J. Wolfinger's.  
C. E. Beasley was in town Tuesday from Mt. Park.  
Rumors and paperhanging, Monaghan, Alamogordo.  
H. E. Brubaker was in town Monday from Clouderott.

James A. Baird was in Lordsburg a couple of days this week.  
J. C. Jones was in town Monday and Tuesday from Clouderott.

Miss Nena Warnock spent the week end with friends in El Paso.  
Little Vic Fairchild is seriously ill at her home in College addition.  
Paul Corryell and Thomas Thorp were in town Monday from Clouderott.

C. M. Beecher returned Monday evening from a business visit in El Paso.  
Dr. J. R. Gilbert was a business visitor in El Paso Thursday and Friday.

Emmett Hancock is here from Santa Fe for a few weeks visit with friends.  
Judge Sherry and Edwin Mechem made a business trip to Carrizozo Monday.

Dr. Barrupp and family were in town Monday and Tuesday from Carlsbad.  
Thursday evening Ora O. Whitmore and party motored down from Tularosa.

Miss Lillian Shields left Monday afternoon for a visit with friends in El Paso.

Everett Warnock left Friday evening for El Paso to work during the summer.

H. S. Evans returned from a few days visit with his family in El Paso Sunday evening.

Prof. J. M. Helm of Clouderott was in town Saturday and Sunday visiting friends.  
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Bent returned Monday evening from a few days visit in El Paso.

Haymon Krupp was in town Monday on his way from Clouderott to El Paso.

Mrs. R. N. Woodworth and sister, Miss Alice Jordan, spent Friday and Saturday in El Paso.

R. W. Fort, manager of the Lodge at Clouderott, was in town Tuesday on business.

Mrs. J. J. Sanders returned to her home in Tularosa Saturday evening after a brief visit here.

Misses Mary Hudman and Jewel Gardner are here from El Paso visiting the Roscoe family.  
Miss Louise Tweed left Wednesday morning for a week's visit with Miss Mott in Clouderott.

Miss Alice Teed returned Sunday evening from a three weeks visit with friends in El Paso.

Thursday May 22, marriage license was issued to George Paso and Phoebe Shanta of Mesquero.  
Charles Goldammer was in town Saturday from La Luz, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Weigle, Sr.

W. H. Woods came in from his ranch in Crow Flat Wednesday morning for a visit with his family.  
Prof. T. B. Milton, and his brother R. B. Milton, were in town Wednesday from their home near La Luz.

Forris Shelton, who has been working at Deming the past year, came home Monday afternoon for a visit.

Mrs. Leon White and children left Monday morning for Tucumcari, called there by the serious illness of a relative.

Men's Oxford bargain table—great values at G. J. Wolfinger's.

Cool underwear, hosiery, clothing shoes, hats at Wolfinger's.  
Miss Louise Murphy left Wednesday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. T. H. Sanders, at El Paso.

Prof. Chas. D. George will leave in a few days for Aztec where he will conduct the Summer Normal for San Juan county.

Miss Lou Walton left last Saturday morning for her home in Silver City after a few weeks visit here with Miss Nina Scipio.

Paul Sutherland and family left Monday evening for their home in Clifton after a few days visit with relatives and friends here.  
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shields and daughters, Marguerite and Helen, left Tuesday evening for a sixty days visit in eastern points.

Miss Mae Peregrine will leave for her home at Greencastle Sunday to spend the summer. She will return to Alamogordo in the fall.

Mrs. Mary Lockney and granddaughter, Mrs. Denie Hittson, are visiting J. F. Lockney and family, enroute from Tucumcari to Los Angeles.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. George Schurtz at her home on Tenth street next Tuesday afternoon, June 3. A good attendance is desired.  
Mrs. Ganton returned to her home in El Paso Monday evening after a few weeks visit here with her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Lupton.

Miss Eva Felton and Mrs. Lena Eldridge will leave Sunday for Las Vegas where they will attend the Summer Normal under the direction of Prof. Frank Robert.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Christian church will give an ice cream social on the court house lawn the evening of May 21. Come out and have a good time.

Mrs. Woodside, Misses Laura Smiser, Evelyn Gore, Georgia Hunter, Jewell Dodgen, Caroline Shottwell and Phoebe McAdams left last week to attend the Summer Normal at Silver City.

Word received by her husband here from Mrs. Chas. D. George, who is now in Los Angeles, conveys the pleasing information that she is rapidly regaining her health, and is, therefore, enjoying herself and her stay in the big western metropolis.

Mrs. F. W. Taylor left for Phoenix, Arizona, last Monday morning and in the afternoon Mr. Taylor pulled out for New Orleans. Mrs. Taylor will visit friends in Phoenix for several weeks, while Mr. Taylor goes to the Mardi Gras city on some legal matters. He will return in a few days.

M. F. Wayland and his two sons started for Arizona points last Tuesday, overlaid. Mr. Wayland has a good outfit and will drift through the country leisurely. His objective point, when starting, was Miami, Arizona, but he will look over the country as he passes along and if he finds a location to his liking he will go into dry dock and stay.

B. R. Blankenship has opened a drink emporium in the building south of the post office, which was recently vacated by Marshall Parker. He has inviting quarters for those desiring to slake their thirst with soda water and other soft drinks. He opened his doors to the public this week and will in all probability have a good business for the summer is here and the people want something cooling.

Max Ogden left Wednesday morning for J. C. Jones' ranch in James canyon where he will enjoy his summer vacation. Max took Chieftain with him and expects to have a dandy time. He does not know just how long he will be gone, whether two weeks, a month, or all summer. However, he desires the people of Alamogordo to understand that he has arranged with Ernest and Robert Warren to look after his business while he is away, and the subscribers of the Saturday Evening Post, the Country Gentleman and the Ladies Home Journal will be taken care of. Max has been giving his large business close attention for many months and he has earned a good rest.

The News-Advertiser and Kansas City Star for a dollar a year—new or renewal—cash with order.

## A. F. MENDER

REAL ESTATE

Abstracts, Insurance

• Notary Public

Office Opposite Court House

## The Pioneer Livery and Feed Stables

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month

Good Rigs, Good Horses and Careful Drivers

STEWART & FINLEY  
Proprietors



## Blue Ribbon Cattle

Furnish the meats we handle at this market. Wherever the choicest meats are to be had you will find us there trying to secure them for your table. Of course they cost us more than ordinary meats, but that needn't worry you. We charge no more than others, hoping to make up for the lessened profit in your continued satisfaction.

## Groom's Market



## Picnic Goods

This is the time when we pack a basket full of good things, put on some old clothes and hike out to a spot which is miles away from home, business and the sun's rays; an assortment of good things which will make the preparation of such lunches quick and simple, are to be found at this store.

Come in and let us help you fill your basket at a saving price.

DICKIE AND AVONDALE GOODS

WILL STAND THE TEST

PROMPT DELIVERY, PHONE 111

W. W. MANN



## Relaxation and Recreation

Everybody needs a change of scene. Every business man and woman will be benefitted by an hour well spent at our "fun shop." Is not the only benefit. Your wits will be sharpened so that you can do better and more work when you return to your business. The manager of the New Alamo Theatre knows that this is so.

NEW ALAMO THEATRE

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR BACKACHE-RHEUMATISM  
FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER  
RICH IN CURATIVE QUALITIES—NO HABIT FORMING DRUGS  
FOR SALE BY F. C. ROLLAND